NURSERY RHYMES

ALTEMUS' FEE BOOKS SERIES

ALTEMUS'
WEE BOOKS FOR WEE FOLKS

Nursery Rhymes

FIFTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

PHILADELPHIA
HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY

NURSERY TALES

NURSERY RHYMES

THE STORY OF PETER RABBIT

THE FOOLISH FOX

THREE LITTLE PIGS

THE ROBBER KITTEN

Single volumes, 50 cents each

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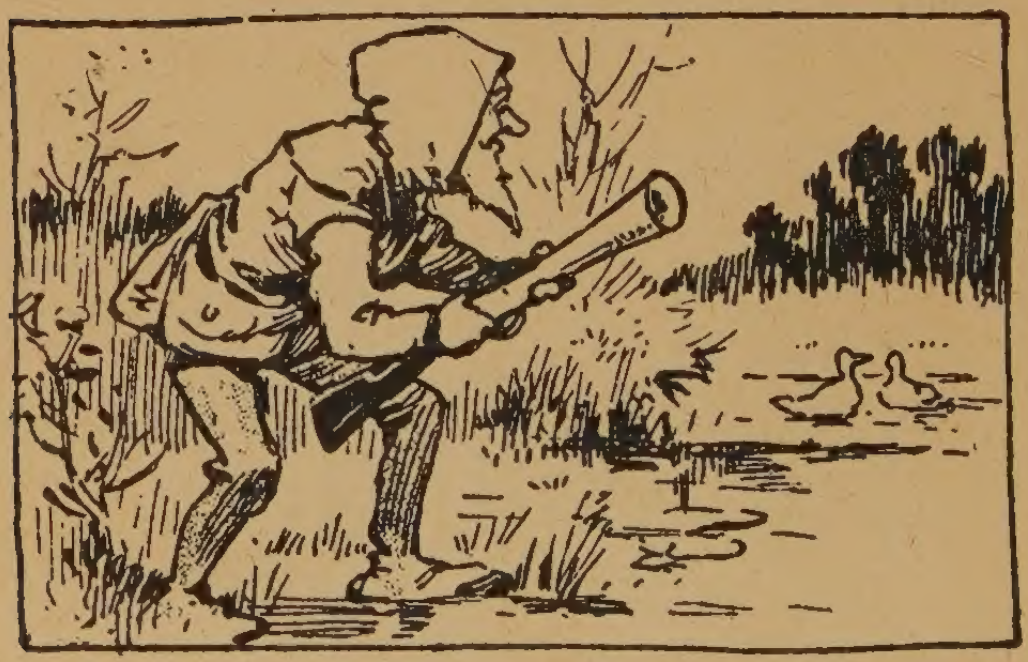
NURSERY RHYMES.

There Was a Little Man.

There was a little man,
and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were
made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook,
and saw a little duck,
And shot it through
the head, head, head.



He carried it home to
his old wife Joan,
And bade her a fire
to make, make, make;
To roast the little duck
he had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch
the drake, drake, drake.

HE CARRIED IT HOME TO HIS OLD WIFE JOAN.

Little Bo-Peep.

Little Bo-Peep has lost
her sheep,
And can't tell where
to find them;
Leave them alone,
and they'll come home,
And bring their
tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she
heard them bleating;
But when she awoke,
she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.

Then up she took
her little crook,
Determined for
to find them;
She found them indeed,
but it made
her heart bleed,
For they'd left all
their tails behind 'em.

Girls and Boys.

Girls and boys,
come out to play,
The moon doth
shine as bright
as day;
Leave your supper,
and leave your sleep,
And come with
your playfellows
into the street.
Come with a whoop,
come with a call,
Come with a good will
or not at all.

GIRLS AND BOYS, COME OUT TO PLAY.

Up the ladder and
down the wall,
A halfpenny roll
will serve us all.
You find milk,
and I'll find flour,
And we'll make a pudding
in half an hour.

The Man in the Moon.

The man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked his
way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth,
With supping cold
pease-porridge.

Oranges and Lemons.

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells
of London town.

Bull's-eyes and targets,
Say the bells of
St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of
St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of
Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at
Aldgate.

Poker and tongs,
Say the bells at St. John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St. Ann's.

You owe me ten shillings!
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray, when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

Here comes a candle
to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper
to chop off your head.

Little Tom Tucker.

Little Tom Tucker
sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
without e'er a wife?

Little Miss Muffet.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened
Miss Muffett away.

My Lady Wind, My Lady Wind.

My Lady Wind, my Lady Wind,
Went round about the
house to find
A chink to get her foot in.

SHE TRIED THE KEY-HOLE IN THE DOOR.

She tried the key-hole
in the door,
She tried the crevice
in the floor,
And drove the
chimney soot in.

And then one night,
when it was dark,
She blew up such
a tiny spark
That all the house
was bothered;
From it she raised up
such a flame

As flamed away to
Belting Lane,
And White Cross
folks were smothered.
And thus when once
my little dears,

A whisper reaches
itching ears,
The same will come,
you'll find;
Take my advice,
restrain the tongue,
Remember what old
Nurse has sung
Of busy Lady Wind.

As I Was Going Up Pippen Hill.

As I was going up
Pippen Hill,—

Pippen Hill was dirty,—
There I met a pretty Miss,
And she dropped me
a curtesy.

Little Miss, pretty Miss,
Blessings light upon you!
If I had half-a-crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go.

A Frog he would a-wooing go,
Sing heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother
would let him or no,
With a rowley, powley,
gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

So off he marched
with his opera-hat,
Heigho, says Rowley;
And on the way he
met with a rat,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

And when they came
to Mouse's Hall,
Heigho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock
and they gave
a loud call,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

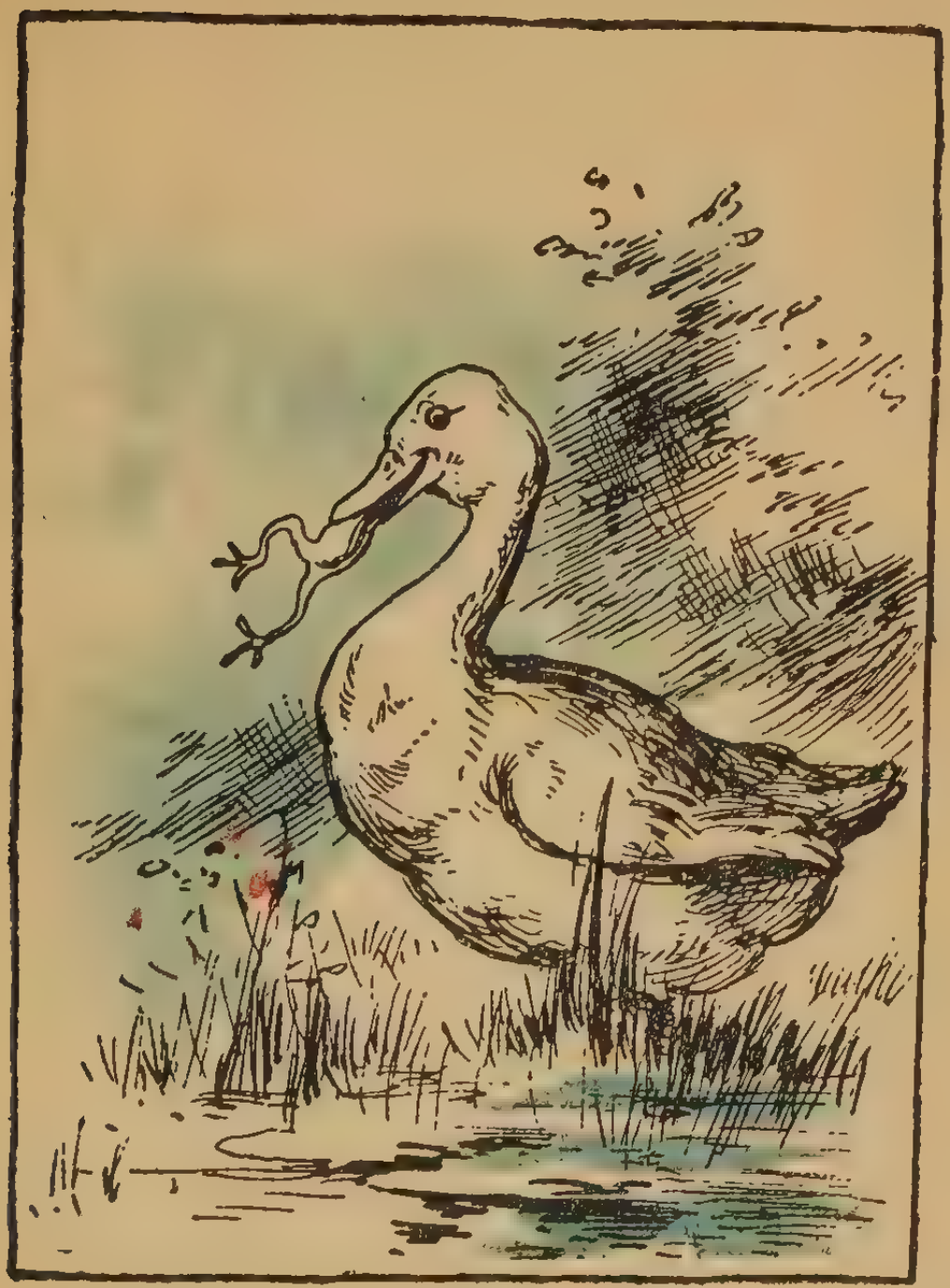
"Pray, Mrs. Mouse,
are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"Yes, kind sir, I am
sitting to spin,"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will
you give us some beer?"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"For Froggy and I
are fond of good cheer,"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

Now while they all
were a-merrymaking,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The cat and
her kittens came
tumbling in,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

The cat she seized the
rat by the crown,
Heigho, says Rowley;
The kittens they pulled
the little mouse down,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

This put poor Frog in
a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Rowley;
So he took up his
hat and wished
them good-night,
With a rowley, powley, etc.



A LILY-WHITE DUCK CAME AND GOBBLED HIM UP.

But as Froggy was
crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came
and gobbled him up,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

So there was an end
of one, two, and three,
Heigho, says Rowley;
The rat, the mouse,
and the little Frog-ee!
With a rowley, powley,
gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

Humpty Dumpty.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses
and all the King's men
Cannot place Humpty
Dumpty together again.

Hot-Cross Buns!

Hot-cross buns!
Hot-cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns!

Hot-cross buns!
Hot-cross buns!
If ye have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.

Monday's Child.

Monday's child is
fair of face,
Tuesday's child is
full of grace,
Wednesday's child is
full of woe,
Thursday's child has
far to go,

HOT-CROSS BUNS!

Friday's child is loving
and giving,
Saturday's child works
hard for its living;

And a child that is
born on Christmas Day
Is fair, and wise,
and good, and gay.

A Dillar, a Dollar.

A dillar, a dollar,
A ten-o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come
at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play
when he was young;
But the only tune
that he could play

Was "Over the hills
and far away."
Over the hills, and a
great way off,
And the wind will
blow my top-knot off.

Mary Had a Little Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white
as snow;
And everywhere that
Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to
school one day,
That was against
the rule;
It made the children
laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher
turned him out,
But still he lingered
near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her
and laid
His head upon
her arm,
As if he said, "I'm
not afraid—
You'll keep me
from all harm."

MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMB.

"What makes the lamb
love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the
lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow
at your will,
If you are only kind.

Little Cock Robin.

Little Cock Robin peeped
out of his cabin,
To see the cold
winter come in.
Tit for tat, what
matter for that?—
He'll hide his head
under his wing!

Old King Cole.

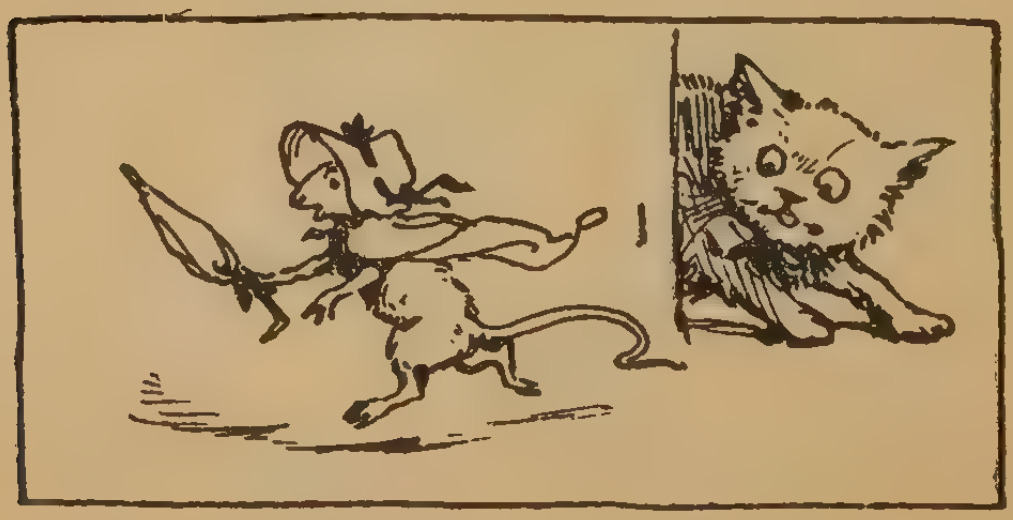
Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his
fiddlers three.

Every fiddler he had
a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle
had he;
Twee-tweedle-dee, tweedle-
dee, went the fiddlers.

Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and
his fiddlers three!

Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat.

"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat,
where have you been?"
"I've been up to London
to look at the Queen."
"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat,
what did you there?"
"I frightened a little
mouse under the chair."



London Bridge.

London Bridge is
broken down,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
London Bridge is
broken down
With a gay lady.

How shall we build
it up again?
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
How shall we build
it up again?
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will
be stole away,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Silver and gold will
be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up again
with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Build it up again
with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

DANCE O'ER MY LADY LEE.

Iron and steel will
bend and bow,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Iron and steel will
bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood
and clay,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Build it up with
wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will
wash away,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;

Wood and clay will
wash away,
With a gay lady

Build it up with
stone so strong,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last
for ages long,
With a gay lady.

Jack and Jill.

Jack and Jill went
up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and
broke his crown,
And Jill came
tumbling after.

JACK AND JILL.

There Was an Old Woman.

There was an old woman
who rode on a broom,
With a high gee ho,
gee humble;
And she took her old cat
behind for a groom,
With a bimble,
bamble, bumble.

They traveled along till
they came to the sky,
With a high gee ho,
gee humble;
But the journey so long
made them very hungry,
With a bimble,
bamble, bumble.

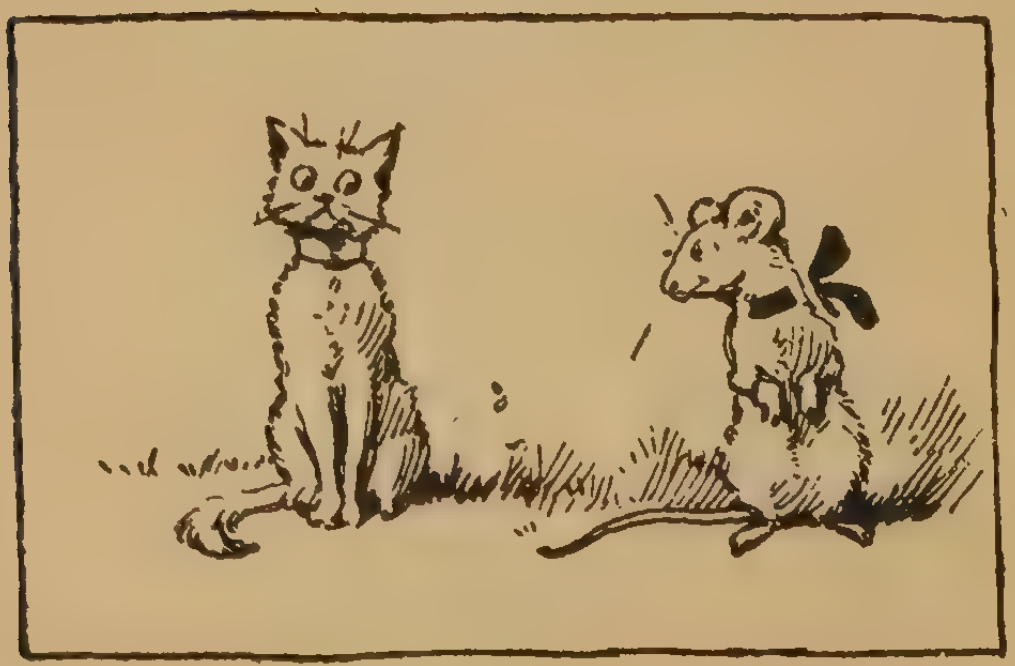
Says Tom, "I can find
nothing here to eat,
With a high gee ho,
gee humble;
So let us go back
again, I entreat,
With a bimble,
bamble, bumble."

The old woman would
not go back so soon,
With a high gee ho,
gee humble;
For she wanted to visit
the Man in the Moon,
With a bimble,
bamble, bumble.

Says Tom, "I'll go back
myself to our house,
With a high gee ho,
gee humble;
For there I can catch
a good rat or a mouse,
With a bimble,
bamble, bumble."

THE OLD WOMAN WHO RODE ON A BROOM.

"But," says the old woman,
"how will you go?
With a high gee ho,
gee humble;
You shan't have my nag,
I protest and vow,
With a bimble,
bamble, bumble."



"No, no," says Tom,
"I've a plan of my own,
With a high gee ho,
gee humble;"
So he slid down the rainbow
and left her alone,
With a bimble,
bamble, bumble.

So now, if you happen
to visit the sky,
With a high gee ho,
gee humble;
And want to come back, you
Tom's method may try,
With a bimble,
bamble, bumble.

Sing a Song of Sixpence.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

THERE CAME A LITTLE BLACKBIRD, AND
SNIPPED OFF HER NOSE.

The King was in the parlor,
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the kitchen,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
There came a little blackbird,
And snipped off her nose.

Rub-a-Dub-Dub.

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

The Queen of Hearts.

The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts
He stole those tarts,
And with them ran away.

The King of Hearts
Called for those tarts,
And beat the Knave
full sore;
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back those tarts,
And said he'd ne'er
steal more.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Old Mistress McShuttle.

Old Mistress McShuttle
Lived in a coal-scuttle,
Along with her dog
and her cat;
What they ate
I can't tell,
But 'tis known
very well
That none of the
party were fat.

Little Boy Blue.

Little Boy Blue, come
blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
the cow's in the corn.

Where's the little boy
that tends the sheep?
He's under the haycock,
fast asleep.

There Was an Old Woman.

There was an old woman
lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
she lives there still.

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.

Baa, Baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I
Three bags full;
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP.

Hey, Diddle, Diddle.

Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped
over the moon;
The little dog laughed
to see such sport,
And the dish ran away
with the spoon.

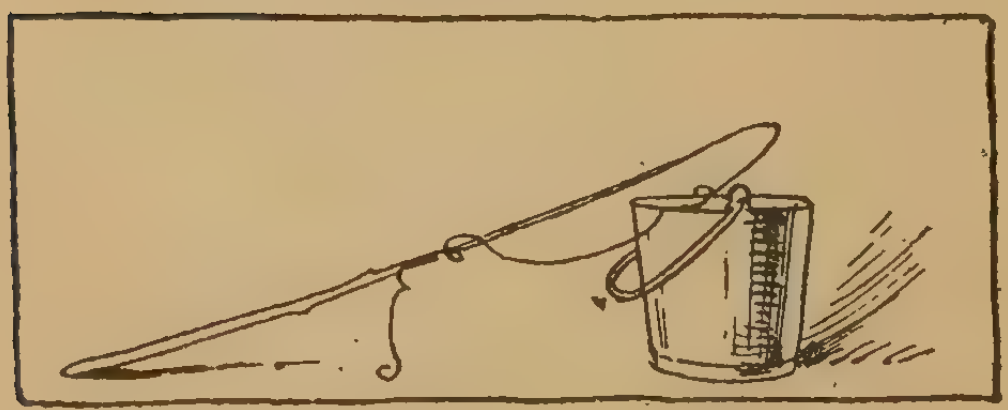
Simple Simon.

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to
the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the Pieman to
Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon
to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on
a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor
Simon whistle.



Curly Locks! Curly Locks!

Curly Locks! Curly Locks!
wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash
the dishes, nor yet
feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion
and sew a fine seam;
And feed upon strawberries,
sugar, and cream.

I Had a Little Pony.

I had a little pony,
His name was
Dapple-gray;
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him,
she slashed him,
She rode him
through the mire;
I would not lend
my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

I HAD A LITTLE PONY.

Ding Dong Bell.

Ding dong bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?—
Little Johnny Thin.
Who pulled her out?—
Big Johnny Stout.
What a naughty
boy was that
To drown poor pussy-cat,
Who never did him
any harm,
But kill the mice
in his father's
barn!

DING DONG BELL, PUSSY'S IN THE WELL.

Little Betty Blue.

Little Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe;
What can little Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she may walk in two.

Deedle, Deedle, Dumpling.

Deedle, deedle, dumpling,
my son John,
He went to bed
with his stockings on;
One stocking off,
and one stocking on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling,
my son John.

Wee Willie Winkie.

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs.
In his night-gown;
Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the babes in their bed?
For it's now ten o'clock."

Polly, Put the Kettle On.

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea!

POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They're all gone away!

Rock-a-By, Baby.

Rock-a-by, baby,
thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman,
mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady,
and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer,
and drums for the king.

Mistress Mary.

Mistress Mary,
quite contrary,
How does your
garden grow?

With cockle-shells,
and silver bells,
And pretty maids,
all in a row.

Hush-a-by, baby, on
the tree-top,
When the wind blows
the cradle will rock.
When the bough bends
the cradle will fall—
Down will come baby,
bough, cradle, and all.

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe.

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Knock at the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;

Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;

Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My plate's empty.

A GOOD FAT HEN.

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